

men did the work for just as criminal—and it seemed to me that the birds were the only beings that were not without inquiring into the things that were going on. They were eating the things that were left over from the feast, and they were not at all concerned about the fact that they were eating the things that were left over from the feast.

I was so impressed with this reasoning that I asked my father for writing materials and wrote it down, or, rather, elaborated the bare skeleton I had thought out. When it was finished I asked to have it delivered to Bessie's father.

In due time a reply came as follows: I have always desired my daughter to marry a man distinguished for some thing. Artistic and poetic are usually distinguished for their idealism. You, being one of the kind, share that distinction. You may further lay claim to being the most impracticable among them. I think, to any knowledge, the world has yet produced. You have interested me in your self and your case. I have retained the best criminal lawyer I can find to take charge of your case, and if your innocence is proved I shall deem my daughter honored in wedding such an eminent fool.

This reply stung me to the quick. I regarded it as tantamount to a refusal of his daughter's hand even if my innocence were proved. As to the lawyer he spoke of hiring for me, I wrote him immediately that I had engaged the most eminent counsel in the land and would have no need of the one he had retained.

What was my surprise, when I was talking and addressing this second letter, to receive a visit from Bessie. She threw herself into my arms hysterically. I couldn't tell whether it was joy or grief that moved her. When she became calmer I spoke of her father's communication.

"Father has turned right around," she said. "He's your friend forever." "Really?" "Yes, really. He considers you innocent of this crime with which you are charged. He says that no man who could have written that letter could have committed murder and if he did he would convince the judge that there was no case against him, since there is no logical difference between killing a man and a steer."

"I am glad," I said, embracing her, "that in some way you have found the natural methods of our progenitors. Are you quite sure your father is sincere in his change of mind toward me?" "I am. If he were not he would not have permitted me to come here to visit you. He says you are the first man he ever met who did not talk and act artificially. He's simply delighted with you."

I showed her the note I had written declining her father's offer of counsel. She burst out laughing. I asked what amused her. "You haven't any money to pay counsel," she said. "Upon my word! I never thought of that."

"You are ideal and impractical," she said. "That's the reason I love you." And she embraced me. Our colloquy was broken in upon by the sheriff, who came in to say that the real murderer had been arrested and had confessed. I was free to go. At the same time he handed me a letter postmarked Rio Janeiro.

"Ah," I exclaimed, "my credentials!" Flipping the letter in my pocket, I accompanied Bessie to her father's house. He greeted me warmly, and I handed him the credentials I had received at the jail. Tremblingly he unfolded the envelope, he began to read, his eyes opening wider as he read.

"Are you a fool or a knave?" he asked, looking up at me. "Both," I replied. "What is it?" asked Bessie. "Why, daughter, this pastoral business of yours has resulted in your catching the only son and heir of the biggest coffee planter in Brazil. I know when I revealed his note that he was an original, but I didn't know he was rich. You tell me, addressing me, 'that you are both fool and knave.' Will you kindly inform me of the introspective reasoning by which you have arrived at this result?"

A GENIAL SMILE.
Who can tell the value of a genial smile? It costs the giver nothing, but is beyond price to the erring and relenting, the sad and cheerless, the lost and forsaken. It disarms malice, subdues temper, turns hatred into love and paves the darkest paths with sunlight.

Between Two Fires.
"The fads of sovereigns with their royal etiquette were frequently carried to such lengths," says H. T. Dyer in "Royalty in All Ages," "as to make martyrs of them. What can be more ludicrous than the following: The palace was on fire. A soldier who knew the king's sister was in her apartment and must inevitably have been consumed in a few minutes by the flames rushed in at the risk of his life and brought her out. But Spanish etiquette was woefully broken, and the loyal soldier was brought to trial and condemned to death. The Spanish princess, however, in consideration of the circumstance, condescended to pardon the soldier and saved his life."

An Altruistic Backslider.
Because he was too soft hearted to ask his poverty stricken landlady to buy new rugs for his room the altruist the young man bought several small rugs and spread them over the floor. Immediately after the next sweeping day she presented a bill for the week's expenditures. Items: Room rent, breakfasts, laundry and beating rugs, 25 cents.

"Hello," said the altruistic young man, "what does this mean?" "Just what it says," she returned. "If folks must cover their floor with extra rugs they'll have to pay for beating 'em, that's all. I can't afford to do it for nothing."

And from that moment altruism lost a disciple. **Life Insurance.** Primarily life insurance is a co-operative plan to meet the default involved in the premature death of productive lives. A nonproductive life is not properly insurable. A life stamped with immorality is not insurable. A life somewhat impaired through defective family history or by individual weakness or disease, if that life at the same time is a productive life, is insurable at a price. All of which brings us back to the same conclusion—i. e., life insurance is a great social plan which merges the individual into the mass and puts behind the frailty of man standing alone the immeasurable strength of men standing together.—Barth P. Kingsley in Leslie's.

American Influence in Canada. Wherever the American goes in force and in proportion to his sympathetic reception he leaves as a side issue the indelible impression of his vivid personality. In such wise he is changing the social old maritime provinces so very rapidly that you can hardly find any difference between them and Maine or Massachusetts. This is in obedience to a natural law which must bring about such results. His manners, his speech, his courage, his means of communication, whether by land or sea, are entirely reciprocal with Canada, but as he is mighty and Canada is feeble, numerically the greater, as usual, includes the less.—F. T. Bullen in London Mail.

An Unexpected Invitation. A clergyman once heard an address, or what promised to be, turn unexpectedly into a challenge to a pie eating contest.

A young man, it seems, believed he could air his views upon certain subjects in a convincing manner if allowed to go before the multitude. He was given the chance and took the floor.

"Brethren," he began, his face flushing and his knees beginning to quake, "be-er-brethren (pause), be-er-brethren (in despair), will you? If any of you want to eat humble pie just step up!"—Newark Star.

A Literary Coincidence. "My father, W. Clark Russell," said Herbert Russell in telling of a literary coincidence, "had finished watching the plot of his novel 'The Death Ship,' which is a version of the legend of Vanderdecken. I was his amanuensis at the time. He said to me, 'Tomorrow we will begin the story.' On the following morning when I entered his study to take his dictation of the opening lines he showed me a letter he had just received. It was from W. S. Gilbert, the well known dramatist, asking him why he did not write a novel about the Flying Dutchman."

Just Dissolved. "So you broke your engagement with Miss Spensie?" "No, I didn't break it." "Oh, she broke it." "No, she didn't break it." "But it is broken?" "Yes, she told me that her clothing cost, and I told her what my income was; then our engagement sagged in the middle and gently dissolved."

A Crazy Idea. "Haven't you ever thought of going to work?" asked the farmer's wife of Sauntering Sam. "Yes," replied the veteran tramp. "I thought of it once, but I was dejected at the time."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A River in Brazil. The state of Sao Paulo, in the republic of Brazil, has a river that carries one of the longest names of any stream in the world. The name is of Indian origin and is "Tamandaretch," and is also called without saying anything in length "river of the Great Tamanoir."

Up the Spout. Huggs—What time is it? Muggs—I don't know. Huggs—Isn't your watch going? Muggs—Worse—It's gone!

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...natural... have of... it must be... birds to mate... look into each... ger may not only... him and mate with... the tigress without any... asked. Two birds... on the branch of a tree and... the slightest knowledge of... become mates. But man... must not only know all... each other, but be of the same... and each have a clean record, or... comes a lot of trouble.

And the most singular thing about it all is that either of them will murder any animal, except their own kind, and eat the carcass.

I, being an artist, when the buds were beginning to open went into the country to catch that first delicate shade of pale green which appears on the trees at that season. I was sitting on my tripod in a wood working in the colors when I heard the bark of a dog, and a moment later a little terrier stood growling at me. A girl, budding like the trees, not into leaves, but into womanhood, hurried up, calling in a soft voice:

"Frisk! Come away, Frisk! What do you mean?"

I paid no attention to the dog, and there was no need for the girl to call him off, for he had no idea of attacking me, but he gave me an excuse for addressing the girl.

And yet I question if any excuse was required. People who meet in crowds are constrained by conventionalities. We two, meeting in a wood, with not a sound about us—when the dog had ceased barking except an occasional twitter of birds engaged in nest building, felt constrained in another way. We were impelled to be companionable. I began by telling her not to mind the dog, that he was merely a nuisance, and she slipped around where she could catch a view of my sketch. One thing led to another until we felt quite well acquainted. I had chosen a delightful spot to transfer to canvas. It was on a declivity. An opening in the trees below revealed a patch of landscape, while at my feet gurgled a stream, at this season well supplied with water from snows recently melted at higher altitudes. The air was balmy and laden with perfumes.

One has but to mention this outline picture to indicate the result. Given an opening spring in a wood, buds, wild flowers, twittering birds, a vista, a brook, a dog and lastly a young man and a young woman, both in the first freshness of youth, what follows? Why, exactly what the poet says—the young man's (and the young woman's) fancy turns to thoughts of love.

The result of this meeting was an other meeting and another and another. I didn't count them; I was too preoccupied to do so. I painted so long on my picture that before I finished it the delicate shade I had come to the country for had grown into a dark green and the full grown leaves had blotted out the vista which gave the work more than half its beauty. But while this beauty was disappearing the bud of love was opening.

So much for the natural features of this story. Now come the artificial—viz, a girl's confession to her father that she had met her fate, but had not met with any knowledge of that fate's antecedents; then a command from the father, tears from the girl and a triangular condition between the father, the girl and the artist such as has taken place ever since the first primeval glacial period to give her father the sign and club a tree with the first primeval youth, the tree being too high for the old gentleman to follow Bessie's father was really as reasonable as we considered him unreasonable. He merely wished to know who I was. Since I had lived in South America from the time I was two until twenty-two years of age I must need there for my credentials, involving a delay of a month or more. What cruelty to force a pair of lovers to wait all that time in a state of suspense!

"Sweetheart," I said to her one day, "suppose the reply should come that I am an escaped convict, jailbird, murderer?"

"I would not believe the story."

"But your father would," I added sentimentally.

One day, after having painted alone in the wood, on leaving it I saw something half covered with shriveled branches and dead leaves. I examined it and found the dead body of a man. Horrified lest I might be implicated in a murder, I threw back what I had removed and was about to hurry away when I saw two men coming for me. Within five minutes I was on my way to the nearest police station.

My antecedents were now not so much needed to enable me to possess my love as to preserve my neck. The status had changed a second time. The case was now now one of a father, a girl and an unknown man but a father, a girl and an unknown man accused of murder. I sent at once a note to Bessie, informing her of my trouble, encouraging her to keep up a good heart and assuring her of my innocence. Receiving no reply, I concluded that her father would not permit her to send a reply.

Brooding in my cell I could not but revert to the glacial primeval times. I have often before when a sutor might kill as many of his fellow beings as he pleased without being objected to on that score if a souffleur I had killed no one. I was merely suspected of killing a man. And if Bessie's father did not kill men he killed the next grade of animal below

...the last man... over to them... the men could be... they were dead... was placed around... code of signals having... he was let down. When... some forty feet, the rope... It was evident that he had... bottom. He was then heard... and a faint response came up... signed to be raised and, reaching... party, said that the gap was filled with soft snow; that he had called and received an answer. When being raised he looked for the owner of the voice and saw him some fifty feet away. The point from which he had been lowered being altered to meet the new conditions, he went down again with another rope. Presently a signal was given on each of these ropes, and Bowers and Browner were both hauled up. Browner well might come, but Bessie could not out where Pendleton could be fouled, and two having conversed after their fall, Bowers again went down with an extra rope and struck Pendleton lying apparently unconscious, though if Bowers had not been immediately over him he would not have seen him, so deeply buried was he in the snow. Then Bowers and Pendleton were both drawn up, Pendleton showing no sign of life. But glass being placed over his mouth showed moisture, and the party, going to work on him with a will, pouring down liquor at the same time, finally revived him.

Neither of the men had been injured by their fall into the snow. They were on the eve of perishing by cold. As soon as they were able to proceed the party descended to Scheldig.

Great was the rejoicing at the hotel when the two men who had been considered lost appeared walking with their rescuers down the mountain. When they came up to the porch it was crowded with people cheering and waving to them. Then some one asked, "Where's Lord Boyingham?" An attendant replied: "His lordship went down to Interaken an hour ago. He received a telegram calling him away."

The meeting between Pendleton and Bella Denton was far different from their parting. The title that had tempted her had shriveled since it must be taken with a man who was at once dishonorable and a coward. Not only that, but the accident had revealed to her her own heart. The belief that Pendleton had been killed gave her a shock that surprised her. One glance from Pendleton at the woman he loved told him that he had won.

When something of the excitement had subsided the landlord asked Pendleton to come into a private room. The rope with which the climber had started the day before was still about his waist. The landlord took up the end and, looking at it, threw it from him.

"What is it?" asked Pendleton.

"It was cut," was the reply in a scathing tone. "The dog feared you would drag him over and cut you off before his return he frayed the edge by rubbing it between stones."

"Pendleton was thunderstruck. The landlord continued:

"His lordship wrote a telegram to himself stating that his brother was dying. He did it for an excuse to get away and left before your return. He dared not face your end of the rope."

"Keep it to yourself," said Pendleton after a moment's thought.

Pendleton kept the secret till a few years later he heard the Bellfisher was trying again to marry an American fortune, when he sent his lordship an order to keep off an order that was speedily obeyed.

Bella Denton did not know the secret till she had been Mrs. Pendleton several years.

The Other Side of It.

"Wake up, will," said the burglar, shaking the men by the shoulder. The man wakes up and jumps up.

"What do you want?" he asks.

"I want two dollars last week; my got \$10 an' a bun gold watch," explained the burglar, "an' de papers said dat you said your boss was \$100 an' body to de amount of five or six hundred."

"Ye-yes."

"Well, make about sport. Me pay her dat was watchin' on de outside made me cough up de difference between what I got an' what you said I got. Now, you got to make good. You can't beat me dat way." Judge's L. J. bary.

Umbrella Ribs.

The lives of umbrella ribs will be prolonged if the pivot ends are oiled to prevent them rusting.

...about midnight a party, provided with such paraphernalia as were necessary to their purpose, made ready to